

Harper's new monthly magazine.

New York, Harper & Bros.

<https://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.31175023121745>



Public Domain, Google-digitized

http://www.hathitrust.org/access_use#pd-google

We have determined this work to be in the public domain, meaning that it is not subject to copyright. Users are free to copy, use, and redistribute the work in part or in whole. It is possible that current copyright holders, heirs or the estate of the authors of individual portions of the work, such as illustrations or photographs, assert copyrights over these portions. Depending on the nature of subsequent use that is made, additional rights may need to be obtained independently of anything we can address. The digital images and OCR of this work were produced by Google, Inc. (indicated by a watermark on each page in the PageTurner). Google requests that the images and OCR not be re-hosted, redistributed or used commercially. The images are provided for educational, scholarly, non-commercial purposes.

voluble beyond her wont, in praise of their new acquaintance.

Suddenly Mrs. Devereux checked herself.

"My dear, what is the matter with you? I don't believe you've heard one word of what I've been saying; and I never saw you look so white."

Lady Atherstone half raised her heavy eyelids, and dropped them again as if the light pained her.

"There's not much the matter," she said, wearily; "only talking always tires me to death, with such a headache as has been coming on for the last half hour. Otherwise I would have staid longer, for I saw you were amused; and I quite agree with you about these Malcolms. I shall soon be better, if I keep quite, quite quiet."

Were headaches known in the Age of Gold; or, when the millennium shall prevail, will they cease to be? Certain it is, that in any state where there are secrets to conceal or pangs to dissemble, this convenient malady could no more be dispensed with than the most necessary article of attire. How could society possibly go on without the trite but inexhaustible excuse that—better than any soft answer—turns away wrath, and, for a while, at least, closes the mouth of the accuser, so that the accused, whether innocent or guilty, have time to breathe and brace themselves for the question, if it must needs ensue? There are people, I believe, who discourse quite eloquently on the advantages of gout; surely as many could be found ready to cry *Vive la migraine!*

Lady Atherstone was outwardly almost herself again before she reached home; but her "headache" did not pass away so quickly: indeed it kept her rather silent throughout the evening, and wakeful through most of the watches of the night; and when she slept at last she woke with a start, fancying that some one had whispered close in her ear, "We miss him dreadfully."

"We miss him—" Well, blood is thicker than water, and, with all his faults, there was no reason why his own kindred should not regret the absence, or wish for the presence of Caryl Glynne; but was it fitting that such words should find an echo in the heart—ay! and once almost issue from the lips—of the woman who, not a year ago, had promised loyalty at least, when Ralph Atherstone rendered to her keeping his happiness and honor?

AN OCTOBER IDYL.

THE red maples glowed on the hill-side, the golden and russet oaks waved their glistering leaves in the valley, and the light breeze from the northward came over the purple hills and stirred the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer. The houses of the little hamlet were clustered together near the river, and away on every side stretched the broad fields, resting from their labors after the abundant harvest, each clod of earth basking in the red sunshine,

and warm to the touch with heat and life. In the woods the squirrels ran gayly from tree to tree, and the leaves dropped silently all day long, until the ground was tinted gorgeously, and the air filled with the expiring fragrance of summer's last breath. The purple grapes glowed in the vineyards, and their massive bunches full of merry juices were carefully gathered by old olive-skinned Frenchmen who had passed their youth on the banks of the Garonne, while the orchards also were gay with life, and the old red cider-mill poured forth its foaming nectar, and groups of little boys sought each his straw wherewith to taste and enter Paradise.

Katherine Van Schoonoven sat on the river bank idly weaving an autumn wreath, while her friend, Laura Parker, read aloud from a volume of Wordsworth. Dear little Laura was a good girl, and loved Wordsworth with an affection inherited from a fair faded aunt of the past generation; but Katherine Van Schoonoven, a woman of the world, with sharp experiences of the intense reality of life, scorned the shadowy lake poet, and, suddenly taking the volume from the placid reader, she threw it into the glittering river, and crowned the astonished head before her with the maple wreath as she said, "Let the damp, unfeeling old curmudgeon go, Laura—water is his native element, for he is as cold-blooded as a fish. Idle dreamers were the lake poets all, reclining on the hill-sides half asleep through the lost days, and meeting, half awake, to discuss infinitesimal shades of word-meaning in clouds of smoke through the wasted nights. Lotus-eaters, from whose tender mercies may we both be delivered!"

"But, Katherine, that was my aunt Winifred's beautiful edition."

"I will replace it with a Robert Browning full of strong wood-cuts, *liebchen*, and you will forget those prim steel engravings of nondescript scenery. But come, father will be waiting for us, and it is quite time for you to start; remember not to betray to any one the place of my retreat."

"I am afraid you will be lonely, Katherine."

"Oh no, for I am going to make the acquaintance of myself, a personage very little known to me. There are the horses drawn up at the door, and father beckoning to us. Good-by; I shall come home just a week from today."

The light carriage soon disappeared down the curving road, and Katherine stood alone on the piazza, gazing over the glowing valley. The little French community that owned the broad fields and surrounding hill-sides was indebted to Judge Van Schoonoven for valuable legal aid in some early lawsuit, and therefore himself and family were always welcome guests at the quaint little hotel, "*L'Oiseau Bleu*," where a brilliant blue-bird was swinging on the sign, and embroidered in bold relief on the snowy linen. Far from the noisy railroads,

and lying isolated in the centre of its own broad acres, La Beolle was seldom visited by strangers from the outside world at any time, and at that late season, so beautiful but so generally neglected by travelers, Katherine Van Schoonoven looked forward to six idle days in the undisturbed company of her own thoughts. As twilight came on she sought the slow moving river, where, seated on the moss-grown dyke, she watched the rich colors fade slowly over the hill-tops, and the white mist rise silently from the valley like the wraith of Kühleborn. She thought of her past life, so full of painful memories—of the years wasted in frivolous gayety—the unfaithful round of summer indolence and winter dissipation, without a useful deed to break the idle monotony of her actions, or a solitary earnest impulse to gild the chaos of her thoughts. The ten long years since her school-days had brought only disappointment and bitterness, while the pure white record of eighteen summers was shaded by the worldliness, the heartlessness, and the skepticism of twenty-eight. But it was too late for change then—the iron weight of habit could not be broken, and, after a few breaths of country air, she must return to her voluntary bondage in the great city.

As she mused thus over the visions of the past the distant song of the grape-gatherers returning from the vineyards came faintly to her ears, and reminded her that night was approaching, and that L'Oiseau Bleu would soon betake itself to rest; as she entered the vine-covered porch she observed a crowd of villagers gathered in the hall around two strangers, one of whom was addressing them in French, with a clear tone and cultivated accent which charmed his foreign audience; and at the little supper-table, later in the evening, much to her surprise and annoyance, she found the two gentlemen composedly enjoying the rolls, cream, and *café noir*, and glancing at her with evident curiosity as she entered the room. Never before had Miss Van Schoonoven encountered intruders in her favorite valley at this late season, and with haughty dignity she maintained a profound silence, while the new-comers conversed freely together concerning La Beolle and its peculiarities, unrestrained by the presence of black-eyed Thérèzon, who, ignorant of a word of English, waited smilingly upon her infrequent guests. Katherine soon discovered that the mission of the strangers was political, and that the elder gentleman was the member of Congress for the district, now for the first time visiting his French constituents, while the younger person accompanied him as interpreter.

Toward the close of the meal the white-haired Congressman addressed a direct question to Miss Van Schoonoven concerning the distance to the next village, and as she, for the first time, raised her eyes, even her fastidious taste could not deny that they met the gaze of two as perfect gentlemen as the country con-

tained. Mr. B—— betrayed in his countenance the keen reasoning ability and acute perceptive power which rendered him so famous in the debates of Congress; his clear cut profile and dark eye seemed as strangely youthful under his silver hair as his slender figure and active movements when contrasted with his calm distinct sentences, uttered with the careful deliberation of ripened age. In spite of herself Katherine felt the charm of his courtly manner, and listened with increasing interest to his words, until, as they rose from the table, it was with decided pleasure that she accepted a seat on the piazza where the moon was shining, and took her share in the graceful, desultory conversation that followed. Late in the evening they said good-night, and the white-haired gentleman added, "And good-by also, young lady; we shall not see you again, as we leave at dawn."

Katherine sought her turret chamber, and before sleep came she found herself regretting the departure of the two agreeable strangers, and wondering who the younger might be; he was a tall, broad-shouldered man of, perhaps, thirty-five years, with the dark auburn hair and beard which sometimes accompany those peculiar hazel eyes with a red flame in their depths, which no artist has ever yet successfully painted. He said little, and seemed principally occupied in keeping the red spark slowly glowing in his cigar, and occasionally throwing back his head to watch the white rings of smoke, as though he saw in them visions of wondrous beauty.

The younger man had called his companion by name, thus giving Katherine the clew to the identity of the celebrated lawyer; but Mr. B—— gave to the hazel-eyed stranger no title but "my friend," and Katherine smiled as she remembered that she also had remained incognita, and that the farmer-landlord had long since abridged her Dutch patronymic into "Mademoiselle Vans."

The following day passed slowly; Katherine wandered through the forests, and sat musing by the river, without exchanging a word with a human being, except to answer the polite "good-night" of honest Pierre as she took her candle and ascended the uncarpeted stairs to her eyrie in the turret. The next morning she awoke with a dull headache, and decided that "herself" was not an agreeable companion, and that she must return to her accustomed amusements and artificial excitements, or suffer the malignant attacks of imps of the most cerulean order. "'Myself' does not show well under these bright skies," she thought; "the wan ghost needs the gas-light and decorations of the city to conceal its deficiencies; my past life does not stand inspection bravely, and as for the future, I dare not think of it. I must go back to the world."

At the breakfast-table Miss Van Schoonoven was surprised to find another plate beside her own, and was about to ask Thérèzon who

the intruder might be, when the door opened, and the hazel-eyed stranger appeared and seated himself opposite, with a warm flush glowing in his face as he met her astonished glance. "Pardon my intrusion into your little private Arcadia, Mademoiselle, but, having some idle days, I was tempted to return and taste the simplicity of this primeval village before going back to my busy life in Washington. Mr. B—— has gone on to the northern part of the State, but I, not being the fortunate owner of a Congressional seat, felt myself privileged to ask for another cup of the delicious *café au lait* which this little maiden served to us yesterday at dawn." Rosy Thérèzon smiled and blushed as the stranger addressed her fluently in her provincial patois; while Katherine, half indignant, half pleased, glanced up occasionally at those hazel eyes with the red flame within, and briefly answered the numerous remarks which came forth from under the auburn mustache of her unknown companion. Lightly and easily the stranger's words flowed on; now an amusing description of some recent mass-meeting, and then a trenchant criticism on the latest English poem; gradually Miss Van Schoonoven relaxed her stateliness, and even condescended to listen to the criticisms and laugh at the stories, until, as they left the table, she found herself accepting an invitation to walk in the forests with the persistent intruder, and, escaping to her room, sat down to wonder at herself. But her latent admiration for audacity impelled her to keep her unguarded promise, and so they went wandering off into the painted woods, with thousands of red and golden banners waving over them, soft red and golden tapestries under their feet, and all around the misty red-golden atmosphere of the Indian summer. Through the long sunny hours they loitered under the trees, wrapped in the glowing beauty around them, and only interrupting the delicious silence to regret that the American poets have given so few and so inadequate descriptions of this millennium of the year, for, with the single exception of the venerable Bryant's autumn word-painting, the Muse is dumb. The maples flamed in scarlet, the beech-trees shone in pale yellow, and the varnished russet leaves of the giant oaks glowed against the everlasting green of the pines; over the fences ran wroaths of crimson vines, and now and then a huge orange-colored leaf floated silently down to the ground from the ancient sycamore that raised its hoary head and outstretched arms far above them; the thousand voices of the forest were stilled, and the air seemed full of longing for the unknown, the *Sehnsucht* of Nature for eternity.

After the simple dinner Katherine retreated to her turret, loaded with treasures of scarlet vines and brilliant maple leaves, with which she decked the white walls and wreathed the pictures until the little room glowed with rich coloring; as she twined the gay creeper around

the mirror she caught the reflection of her own dark face aglow with unwonted rosy tints, and smiled upon the reflection of her lost youth peeping from the crowned mirror in the leafy bower. A tap at the door, and Thérèzon appeared, carrying a shining golden apple with a slip of paper attached: "Will you come to the orchard and gather more?"

Involuntarily Katherine seized her straw hat, and ran down the winding stairs; Hazel-eyes was waiting in the hall, and together they climbed the hill, where, hidden away on the breezy summit, guarded around by the thick forest, stood the ranks of richly laden trees rejoicing in the sunshine, and every now and then gayly dropping a ripe apple on the soft grass beneath them. Round, ruddy apples, great golden apples, sturdy russets, plain, honest greenings, and the delicious pear-shaped apples, whose delicate white is just tinged with ruby dye.

Katherine ran from tree to tree, and piled up the fruit in heaps, while her companion shook the props and brought the rosy hailstones rolling around her in wild profusion; soon they heard the voices of the gatherers as they came up the hill, and seating themselves on the grass, they watched the four-horse teams driven into the orchard, and saw the merry boys and girls begin to strip the trees with song and laughter, now doing prodigies of work in loading the antiquated old-world wains, and now pelting each other with the fruit all around the field. In the centre of the orchard upon a little mound stood pitchers of new cider and heaps of sugared biscuit; Hazel-eyes brought Katherine a supply of these sylvan dainties, together with one perfect apple, the Queen of October, and, sitting in the mellow sunshine, they gazed on the autumn scene, and with tacit consent their words rippled along over simple rural subjects, until the sinking sun reminded both idlers and workers that the day was done. When darkness closed over the valley Katherine sought her chamber with slow and dreamy steps; as the candle-light shone on the white walls, the red leaves with which she had decked them glowed brightly, and the sweet odor of the forest filled the air; a little shelf was fastened to the wall on one side of the room, and upon this she grouped the perfect apples she had collected, with the Queen of October in the centre, and then, without one thought of the past or one aspiration toward the future, wearied with the long hours of sunshine, she sank into a dreamless sleep.

Down in the South Meadow stretched the great vineyard away to the river on one side and up to the hill-tops on the other; baskets of plaited rushes stood between the vine-covered trellises, and the ripe grapes, carefully selected, were laid within on layers of green leaves, one above the other, until the purple richness fairly overflowed; the hands of the gatherers were stained with the juice, and the olive-skinned girls wore little bunches of grapes

and curling tendrils in their dark hair, entering into the spirit of the scene with a natural abandon quite foreign to the wise practical maidens who are born under the sober American eagle. At one side of the vineyard a little log temple held the old god, Bacchus, in the person of Père Housard, a jolly, red-faced patriarch, wise with half a century of wine-making, who inspected and classified the vintage, giving to the Isabellas, Delawares, and Catawbas musical names brought from Southern France, and prone to fire his merry jests at the youths and maidens as they appeared before him, carrying the heavy baskets suspended on a pole from shoulder to shoulder.

Under the solitary tree of the vineyard flagons of new wine and baskets of crisp cakes were offered freely to all; and what if the inspiring juice began to dance in the veins before the sun went down? Tradition decreed that the gatherers worked all the better for the stimulus, and that as long as the hands were busy with the grapes the juice was powerless to harm the brain, but showed itself only in renewed vigor and gay songs which the vines loved to hear. "The boys and girls sing and laugh," explained Père Housard to Katherine and Hazel-eyes as they visited his treasure-house, "and the vines like it, for it is an undoubted truth that they refuse to yield plentifully under the hands of cold, silent Americans; they know we love them, and they enjoy the vintage as much as we do, taking in a full supply of sunshine and song to last them through the bleak winter. See, Mademoiselle, here is the finest bunch of the vineyard; accept it, for it is beautiful enough to grace the banks of la Garonne in la belle France."

Katherine and her companion spent the whole day in the merry vineyard; they joined the ranks of the gatherers and stained their white fingers with the purple fruit, while the laughing girls crowned the city maiden with a vine-wreath, and even decked the hazel-eyed stranger with a chain of giant bunches. Retreating, thus adorned, from the busy throng, they sought the central oak, and, reclining under its russet foliage, they tasted the new wine, and sang to each other songs culled from the Volkslieder of all nations, inspired by the gay genius of the vine, that every where maketh glad the heart of man.

Slowly going homeward as the twilight came on they listened to the rollicking song of the villagers in the distance, and lingered on the piazza until L'Oiseau Bleu fairly closed its eyes, overcome with the labor and merriment of the day. Katherine hung her bunch of grapes by a ribbon to the shelf; and then, as the church clock struck nine, the spoiled child of fashion was sleeping soundly, while her companions in the city were making themselves ready for conquest in the lighted ball-room.

Broad and tranquil the beautiful river flowed on toward the south, and, floating on its clear

bosom, Katherine reclined in the stern of the skiff, while Hazel-eyes, now and then lazily dipping the light oars in the water, gazed on the gorgeous ranks of the trees sweeping down the mountain-side clad in royal robes of sylvan splendor. A fickle breeze stirred the air, and into the water dropped myriads of red leaves; some fell into the boat and decked the silent mariners, while the rest went floating away like flame spots down the tide. Gray willows stretched long arms over them, and threw a shower of slender, silvery foliage down upon their heads; and alone by the water-side the last wild flower dropped its purple petals, one by one, upon the withering rushes. Out from the fading lily leaves a flock of wild-ducks rose slowly into the air as the boat came round the curve, and wheeling into martial order, turned their heads toward the south, following the course of the beautiful river shining beneath them. Now and then a farm-house came into view, the fields close cut, the last crop ingathered, while the men lounged lazily about their work, and the cattle basked in the sunshine. The windows of the houses stood wide open, with the sweet air blowing the white curtains; and often in the porch sat an aged grandmother enjoying her knitting, while a group of kittens frolicked at her foot-stool. Here and there on the hill-side meadows some round-topped maple stood naked and alone, with a circle of bright leaves on the ground beneath; but generally the forests were thickly clothed in gorgeous foliage, and perfect beauty reigned every where through the enchanted land.

At noon, under the shadow of an old bridge, they moored their boat, and building a fire, made coffee in the French fashion, and tasted the plump little quail reposing placidly on their backs, surrounded by crackers toasted brown, and fantastic green pickles.

Returning as the sun began to sink, they discovered an old chestnut standing on the shore, and stopped to gather the shining nuts scattered over the ground, their little velvety homes ruthlessly invaded by busy Jack Frost, and themselves turned adrift upon a cold world after a long summer of ease among the swinging branches. As the evening-star, fair and pale, rose slowly in the heavens they fastened the boat to the old willow, and strolled through the lane to the village.

"It is All-Hallowe'en," said Katherine. "Do you see any mermaids under the water, or peris floating in the air?"

"I see what is better than either, Mademoiselle; I see my long-lost happiness coming toward me; I see Contentment giving me a shadowy benediction, and

"From belt to belt of crimson seas,
On leagues of odor streaming far,
Up there from yonder Orient star,
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'"

The red full moon rose late in the evening, and brought the frosts in her train. A thick white mist ascended from the river, and a bright

fire of logs glowed on the hearth of L'Oiseau Bleu, around which the village boys and girls were gathered as Hazel-eyes explained to them the mysteries of the burning nuts, and told their fortunes with the long apple parings. Many a laugh arose as the hot chestnuts flew around the room, and not a few blushes dyed the olive cheeks as the magic parings betrayed the wished-for initial; but at midnight the gay group dispersed, and Katherine and her companion were left alone in the fire-lighted room. Hazel-eyes peeled a golden apple, and threw the paring over his left shoulder; then, stirring the dying embers, he called up Katherine to look. She stood by the door with her candle, but turned her head at his request. There on the carpet lay a great golden K.

"Good-night and hallowed dreams," she said, and left the room.

"All-Saints' Day! Glorious, golden All-Saints' Day! When I think of Jerusalem the Golden, her alabaster bulwarks always appear to me bathed in the purple atmosphere of Indian summer," said Katherine, as with her companion she sought the quaint old garden, surrounded by low stone walls, and dignified by a miniature tower, and draw-bridge over the rippling moat. The gardener's daughter opened the barred gate, and they entered the smooth paths bordered with prim box, and shaded by arbor vitae clipped into the shapes of birds and lions; simple fountains played gently into broad stone basins, and plaster shepherdesses coquetted with companion shepherds in myrtle arbors; a few lingering martins haunted the dormer-windows of the tower; and through the open glasses of the green-house the transplanted flowers looked out upon the garden beds where so late they had flourished in company with their hardy mates. From the central mound Hazel-eyes plucked one perfect rose, the sole survivor of her race: "The last rose of summer, Mademoiselle, and now sing me the melody."

Katherine complied, and the sweet, pathetic verses seemed the very spirit of the garden singing his last farewell.

At noon pretty Marie brought them white bread and golden honey, with choice grapes from the vines; and then, sitting in an arbor, the sunshine flickering down upon them through the withered leaves, Hazel-eyes read aloud to Katherine, who sat dreamily gazing on the fair landscape, the meadows bathed in gold, the hills far distant in the hazy air, as she listened to the story of Evangeline, and fancied the lily maid of Astolat floating

"upward with the flood,
In her right hand the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down."

The voice ceased, and the vesper bell rang out in the still air, calling the villagers to honor the saints' day. As the priest gave his parting benediction two unaccustomed heads bent to receive it, and two low voices murmured Amen.

A bleak wind came down from the north at sunset, and with it the cold rolling clouds of November. Pierre piled the logs high on his hearth-stone, and in the blaze Katherine Van Schoonoven sat alone, thinking earnestly. Eight, nine, and ten sounded from the tall clock in the corner, and still she remained motionless; finally the door opened, and Hazel-eyes entered the room, and drawing a chair up by her side, stooped to replenish the failing fire. The wind had increased to a gale, and came whistling around the corner of the house, and beating at the windows with loud fury. "A wild night; the winds are let loose in the valley, and our golden leaves will all be gone before to-morrow; it is as well, for now I shall not feel so many regrets. Mademoiselle, my idle week is over, and I must go back to the world; may I hope that these halcyon days will linger in your memory as well as mine? And as for the future—" He stopped, and gazing earnestly into Katherine's dark eyes, took her hand, and raised it gently to his lips. With a slight start Katherine drew her hand away, and, as the color deepened on her cheek, she said, in a low tone, "I have been foolish, and perhaps my folly may deserve a harsher name, because I have allowed myself to float with you through these golden days without a thought of the past or a fear for the future. I, too, must leave La Beolle to-morrow; forget me, and forget also my transgression of the rules of life in being so constantly with a stranger, far away from all my friends. My real name is Katherine Van Schoonoven. I stepped out of the world for a season of communion with myself, and I found—you! Blame me not for enjoying my last hours of liberty, and forgive me when I say our acquaintance must end here, for—for—I am to be married on the 15th of December to Judge Wallingford, of Boston, a grave man of sixty, who wishes a wife to preside in his elegant mansion. I have learned to like you well, and perhaps in some better world we shall meet again, but not here—here there is nothing left but to say farewell."

She ceased, and two tears rolled slowly down her glowing cheeks as she extended her hand to her silent companion; he pressed it closely in both of his, and then, dropping it suddenly, he rose to his feet and stood before her, with his eyes fixed on the burning logs. "Miss Van Schoonoven, you have never asked my name, and I have purposely abstained from asking yours, lest the charm of strange friendship should be broken; I saw you here alone, in this enchanted valley, and I owe to you the bliss of five days of boyhood's thoughtless happiness amidst the last glories of the departing year. The Indian summer is over; the storms of November have come; it is fit, then, that we should part, and, returning to our stations in the hard world, take up each one our load of sorrow, and bear it as bravely as we can. My name is James Tracy Chillingworth, of Washington, and I have the pleasure of your father's acquaintance

professionally. I have been married ten years, and my wife is awaiting me in Washington. Good-by."

Katherine rose in silence; her face was flushed, and she trembled violently; but, making a powerful effort, she raised her eyes bravely to his, and, with all the aroused pride of her nature, she, too, echoed the word "Good-by." But when she saw the hazel eyes swimming with tears, and felt the cold touch of those strong hands upon her own, her courage gave way, and, with an instinctive impulse of self-concealment, she rushed from the room, never pausing till she had reached the turret, where, throwing herself upon the bed, she wept out the bitterest tears of her life, as the storm howled over the roof, and the rain dashed against the narrow windows.

The morning broke dark and gloomy; the

bitter wind whistled through the bare forests, and the villagers, wrapped in winter clothing, went shivering about their daily work. As Katherine descended to the dining-room she saw, through the open door, that Mr. Chillingworth's room had not been occupied, and soon the voluble Thérèzon was relating how he had insisted on leaving for the next southern railroad station late last night, during all the fearful storm, and how Pierre had finally accepted double pay, and driven him to L—, fifteen miles away, in the pouring rain.

An hour later, and Katherine, wrapped in shawls, was riding northward through the sodden country, and Thérèzon, broom in hand, was clearing out from the turret chamber the fading leaves, the golden apples, the purple grapes, the brown nuts, and the drooping rose—deserted mementoes of the October Idyl.

THE ROCK OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

By BERTHOLD AUERBACH, AUTHOR OF "ON THE HEIGHTS," ETC.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

CHAPTER I.

A MASQUERADE ON THE RAILROAD.

AT the railway station, in a mountain district of Central Germany, in the shade of a spreading beech-tree covered with the fresh foliage of spring, stood a handsome open carriage drawn by two white horses. In the carriage, lined with damask, sat at her ease a young lady in a gray suit, with her arms crossed, and her large dark eyes fixed upon the range of hills, whose curving lines were represented in beautiful relief against the sky.

Now she threw back her head, on which was a sort of fashionable Tyrolean hat with green waving feathers, rose from the seat, took from a pocket of the carriage a large port-folio bound in gray linen, and began to draw, casting now a rapid glance upon the landscape, and now fastening her look upon the paper before her. The expression of her countenance became grave and earnest, and a slight flush spread over her face, which was somewhat long, and had lost the freshness of its youthful bloom. Her finely cut mouth, whose upper lip showed a slight down, was closed, as if in vexation; she did not seem satisfied with her work; she put it aside and resumed it more than once, shook her head, and at last shut up the sketch-book. Then nodding, as if encouraging herself, she opened it again, proceeded with her work, and her features gradually assumed a calm, almost a satisfied, expression.

The laying out of the railroad had given a view of the beautiful landscape which probably had never been observed before; for it is a marked characteristic of our time that every thing is presented under a new visual angle.

The lady became more and more engaged

in her drawing; and, notwithstanding it was only a moderately warm spring day, she seemed to be heated. She hastily took off her hat and laid it aside. Her dark hair, smoothed down in front, was put up in two thick braids behind; and in the middle of her forehead, not remarkable for height, deep lines were drawn whenever she was engaged in thought, whose trace did not wholly disappear in her ordinary mood. The whole countenance plainly showed that the seriousness of life had inscribed upon it a lasting memorial.

Mingling with the lark's song, high up in the air, and the finch's note in the tree, there was now heard the long, shrill whistle of a locomotive. The lady made, hastily, a few more strokes of the pencil, then shut the book, put it away in the carriage, and crossed her arms in an attitude of quiet, expectant waiting. A servant in brown livery stepped up to the coachman, who was holding the reins, and, lifting his hat, on which was a brown cockade, said to the lady, whom he addressed as *Fräulein*, that the train had been signaled. He opened the carriage door, and made a movement to help the lady out, but she said, as she looked into the air, without directing her glance toward the servant, "I shall not get out; you may bring *Fräulein* Von Korneck here." In her voice there was an authoritative tone, and possibly also a slight expression of vexation.

Louise Merz, for this is the lady's name, was expecting on old friend, with whom she had formed an intimacy at boarding-school, generally so short-lived, but in this instance well kept up. It would almost seem as if the expected friend occasioned the restlessness, which she never failed to bring with her; for Louise stood up and sat down, appearing to consider